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PHYSICAL PANORAMA

A. G. C.



EARLY PIONEER LIFE.

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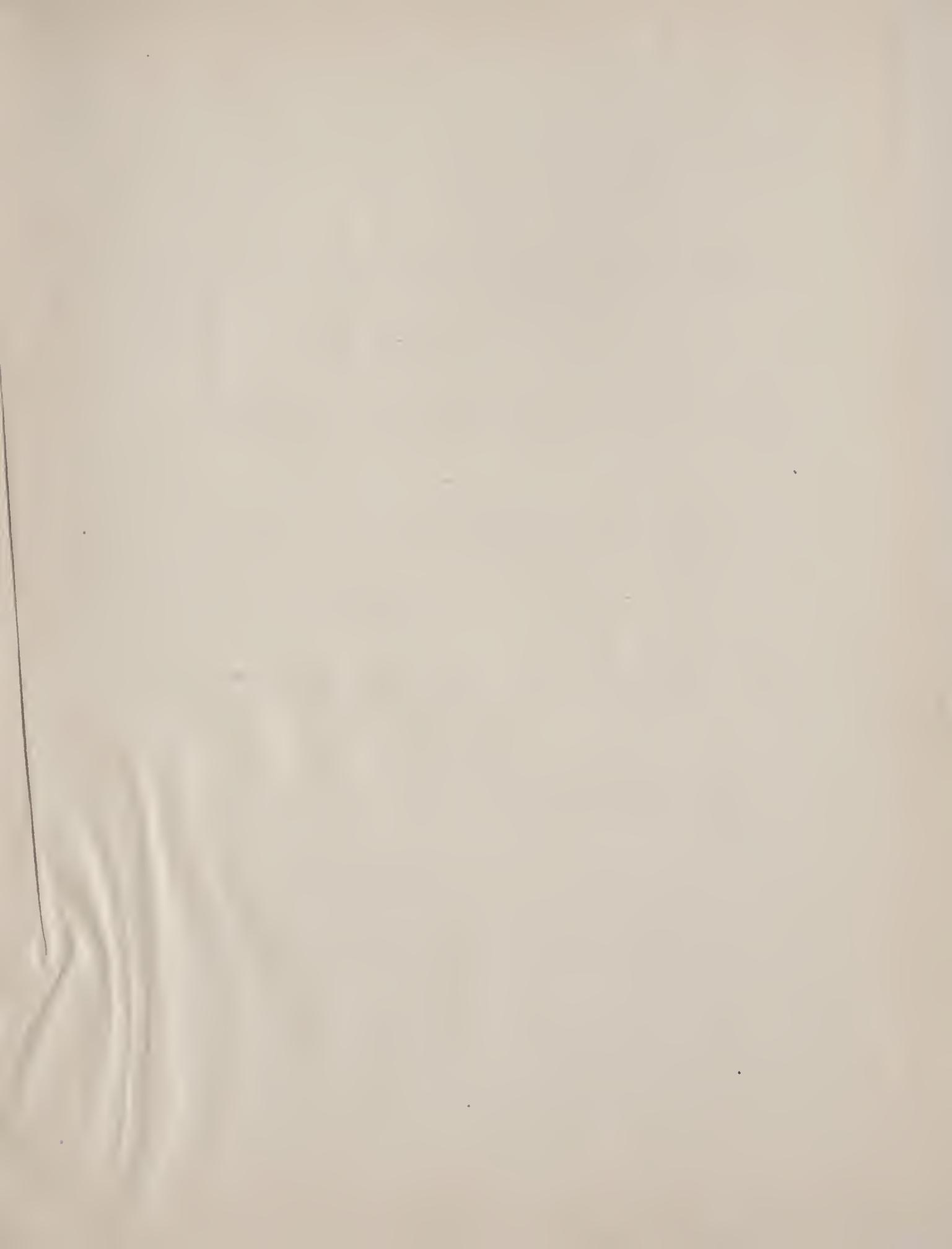
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1890

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







RHYTHMICAL PANORAMA
OF
EARLY PIONEER LIFE.

BY
A. P. BUTTS,
"

BROCKPORT, N. Y.

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P.S. —
John
B. C. —

RECOLLECTIONS

AND

. REFLECTIONS.

MANY still live who *remember*
the days,

Of cosy log houses, and *rough*
cause-ways,

Unbroken circles, more happy
and gay.

Than *thousands* who dwell in
palace to-day.

Still *dear* to their hearts, those wild
rustic years,

Though since oft *saddened* by sorrow
and tears.

FOND mem'ries still *cling* ; to scenes
of childhood,

Parents and kindred—home in the
wild wood ;

The woods, and the streams,
winter-green rambles,
Shad-trees that blossomed in thicket
and bramble.

How the blue bird's chirp and robin's
shrill lays,
Caroled glad tidings of pleasant
Spring days.

HOW played in meadow where field
lilies grew,

Chased wild butterflies, as children
still do,

Wild *roses* that climbed, in vale
or in nook ;

The moss-covered *rock*, by cool
shaded brook,

Remember how *birds*, they oft
did molest

By climbing the *trees*, to peep in
their nest.

BUMBLE BEE conflicts, the rapid
retreat ;—

And *stinging* regrets, at slowness
of feet,

Lightning-bug flashes—most beautiful
sight ;—

Millions of *spark-lits*, on warm
summer night.

Dole sounding *cow-bell*; in woodland
that rang
Its ding dong, ding dong, monoton-
ous clang.

SONG of the *cricket*, by hearth-stone
or wall,

Katy-did *concerts*—in Autumn
or Fall.

Remember *sun-flowers*, and

hollyhocks too ;

The lilac, and rose, in garden
that grew.

Gay *morning-glories* ; so fresh, and
so bright—

That climbed by the window, pink,
purple and white.

THE wide spreading *elm*--where green
T ivy clung;

Where lullaby nest, of *oriole*
swung.

How aprons and pockets, so eager
did fill

With red ripe *apples*, from tree near
the hill.

Remember the barn, the stable,

the bay,

Somersault tumbles, from beam, on
the hay.

WHILE flitting and darting peak
and rafter,

Twittering *swallows*, joined, in the
laughter.

How boys fought *roosters* ;—dung-hill
or game,

And bet their jack-knives as *now*, just
the same.

The well sweep and curb, where green
bucket hung,

Tree—on whose branches, they vaulted
and swung.

LITTLE girls play-house—rag dolls,
white, and pink,

Whose features were formed, with
charcoal, or ink.

How played with *kittens*, on old
cabin floor—

Frolicked with *house-dog*—that slept
by the door;

How each Christmas night, when
hushed was the noise,

Old *Santa Claus* came distributing
toys.

THE rolic and glee—so jolly and
T shrill,

While drawing up *sleds*,—and sliding
down hill.

The old log *school-house*—and school-
mates as well,

Teachers—who taught them to read
and to spell.

Sisters and brothers, then *unbroken*
band,

Through field and to school, oft
walked hand in hand.

THE toil-worn *father*—his slow weary
tread—

Mother—who kissed them and tucked
them in bed.

Remember her song, as *cradle* she'd
rock,

“ Rock-oby baby all on the tree
top.”

The old *pine* cradle, one foot she was
rocking,

Rocking, and singing, while darning
the stocking.

WORN were its rockers, quaint,
 paintless and bruised,
'Twas same old cradle that *grand-*
mother used,
Broad, open fire-place, with chimney
 of sticks,
Laid up in clay-mortar, no lime, and
 no bricks,
It's evening *log-fire*—round which all
 sitting,
Father was smoking, mother was
 knitting.

THE antique *oven*—constructed near
by,

Where baked the corn-bread and *thick-*
pumpkin pie,

Utensils for cooking, on hook or on
chain,

Swung over the fire, on long wooden
crane,

Kindled the fire, by sparks struck in
tinder,

Or with *hand-bellows*,—revived dead
cinder.

WHEN oft by neglect, the cinders
expire,

How ran to neighbors to *borrow* some
fire.

Best lights, dipped candles, in bright
candle sticks,

Steel or brass snuffers to crop off the
wicks,

No gorgeous parlors, with broad
folding doors,

A carpet of *rags* rare covered the
floors.

BUT hard wooden floors scrubbed,
polished and white,

Pride of the house-wife by day and by
night.

And plain bottomed chairs,—they knew
none other,

Two, rocker'd, cushioned, for father,
mother.

Walls neatly white-washed on sides,
over head,

'Dorned with cut paper, blue, white
and red.

TWO beds, close curtained and tastily
dressed,

One for the parents, the other for
guests,

Small children, always in fond mother's
sight,

Slept in a *trundle*, drawn out for the
night.

The tall *kitchen* clock,—bright face and
broad crown,

Constantly ticking, no murmur, no
frown;

HANDS pointing each hour, its bell to
strike chime

With its *loud* ticking, the seconds of
time.

Chamber arranged for *many* to
slumber

Sleeping apartments, beds without
number.

While hung in some corner, ever
would find

Herbs for diseases of ev'ry
kind.

LATCH strings for door-locks hung out
in plain sight,

As tokens of welcome, till drawn in at
night,

No change in fashions, cold or warm
weather,

No hat wore polish, bonnet no
feather;

No rose on the cheek save nature's
own bloom,

No costly presents, for bride or for
groom,

No long wedding tours, from home,
far away,

Married at evening—at work the
next day.

Soft cushioned coaches and horses
with speed,

Rich caparisoned, they stood not in
need,

Then they used oxen ; ox-yokes with
rings,

Carts and strong wagons, with *wood-*
bars for springs.

THEN neighbors all joined, with ox-
teams all free,

Rolled up the log heaps, at *gay*
logging bee

When log-fires, and stump-fires gleamed
on the eye

Like scores of bright *lamps*, in dark
evening sky,

Children went bare-foot from Spring
until Fall,

And *many* a stone-bruise does
mem'ry recall.

WOMEN knit mittens and stockings
and hose,

Made their own dresses and all the
men's clothes,

Spun wool into yarn and flax into
thread,

And wove all the cloth, for ward-robe
and bed ;

Wore calf-skin for shoes, with low and
broad heel,

Which served both Sunday and dancing
the reel.

No *tony* dances to orchestra
notes,

Silk dresses, white kids and claw-
hammer coats,

But quiltings, huskings, if fiddle
perchance

Oft danced, in old way, the old
fashioned dance,

Or swift “snap and catch,” with chase
and a whirl

Each boy *earned* the kiss, he snatched
from his girl.

H OW long seemed the days,—how slow
they passed by,

Just before training, or Fourth of
July,

Then Fourth of July was *glorious*
day,

Which people observed in *old*
fashioned way,

Old patriot hearts, then beat with
new life ;—

At sound of cannon, the drum, and
the fife.

THEN drum and the fife roused
patriot fire,
Far *more* than brass band, to-day
can inspire ;—
Some heard them before, in battle
or drill,—
Lexington, Concord, and famed
Bunker Hill,—
Seventy-six,—when declared they'd
be free,—
To kings and tyrants no more bow
the knee.

A T Saratoga—when rang through
the states

Burgoyne is captured ! surrendered
to Gates ;

Heard them at *Yorktown*—while
blank cannon roared,

When Lord Cornwallis surrendered
his sword,

When seven years' struggle, for freedom
now o'er,

When *drum* beat the call to battle no
more,

WHEN liberty won, no tyrants
to fear,

Many old soldier became
pioneer.

Hardships and suf'rings endured to
be free,

Children then learned, at grandfather's
knee,

In sunshine and storm did husbandmen
toil,

With rude wooden ploughs, turned over
the soil.

WITH strong, brawny arms, which
knew no reprieves,
Sowed, planted and reaped and garnered
the sheaves,
No *machine* to reap, to bind, or to
mow,
Than cradle or scythe none better
did know,
And hay-field or harvest, *brave* was
the one
Who dared beat challenge, on scythe
with the stone.

No thrashing machine,—in one single
day,

To thrash all the sheaves, stack,
scaffold and bay,

To clean up the grain prepared for
the sack,

And carry the straw to men on the
stack.

But slow beating flail or oxen to
tread,

Thrashed all of their grain, for market
and bread.

THROUGH the deep forest, their axes
did ring

From late in Autumn till early in
Spring.

Far away office each year to the
day,

Oft traveled on *foot* their int'rest
to pay.

Few roads to grist-mill or market,
but tracks

Where tired pioneers bore grain on
their backs.

WHEN mill far away, pounded in
mortar,

Corn into meal, then mixed it with
water—

On board, by the fire quickly did
bake,

Then best of *all* bread, the old
Johnny cake.

Schooling commenced, with big

A B C,

Finished with grammar, and old rule:
of three.

WHILE many pressed on and carved
their own way,

Became brilliant stars, still brighter
each day.

The singing school too, much pleasure
did bring,

All the young people, to visit, and
sing.

And his or her fame spread all through
the town—

In spelling-school strifes, who spelled
the school down.

No piano to sing with, in large spacious
room,

They sang as they worked with rat'ling
loom,

With hum and the buzz of rude
spinning wheel,

Turned to the tune of old op'ra
reel,

Music was axes, in deep forest
seas,

The echoing horns, the crash of
the trees.

AND primeval *harps*,—the tall forest
trees,

Rocked by the storm or swept by
the breeze,

God's choir of warblers, in forest
and dell,

The low of the herd and the tinkling
bell.

Few were the church bells to chime
on the air,

Calling the rustics to worship and
prayer,

IN school-house or barn, where preaching
to hear

Parents and children all came, far
and near

While many had place, where worn
bible lay,

Opened for worship on each Sabbath
day.

When Autumn leaves fell, and cool
day had sped,

The children had climbed the ladder
to bed,

THEN *neighbors* would meet to knit
and to chat,

As 'round the broad fire together
they sat,

The health and the wants, each neighbor
was learned,

For then true friendship in each heart
did burn ;

Then father, mother, son, daughter
and all

Each other's welfare, together did
toil.

SICKNESS and suf'ring, wants of
each other,

Women were *sisters*, each man was
brother,—

Now as we leap, as we fly, as we
run,

How little we think on good they
have done,

Where scream of the panther, te-hoo
of the owl,

Hoarse growled the bear, the wolves
dismal howl.

WHERE fierce savage danced round
wigwam fire,
Brandishing weapons, with blood-thirsty
ire.

Where fowl of the wood, the moose
and the deer,
Had naught but arrows of savage
to fear.

By shores of deep rivers, then shaded
by trees,
Now floating commerce, to ocean
and seas.

WHERE broad and green lakes, for
ages before,

Dashed their mad waves, on wild
forest shore

Hill-side, in valley, on plain,
everywhere,

Land-marks which tell us, that they
were once there.

Where paths, through forest, which

once seemed so far,

Now dash with fury, the engine
and car.

WHERE net-work of roads now
traversed with speed

They first built *cause-ways*, used oxen
for steeds,

Where once log-cabin, the land-marks
which tell,

Are proud happy homes, where
thousands now dwell,

Richly draped parlors, with wide
folding doors,

Velvet or brussels to cover the
floors.

COSTLY pianos, the daughters to
please,

Spring-cushioned chairs for beauty
and ease,

Where orchard, meadow, with all their
bright charms

School-houses, churches, and beautiful
farms,

Where hamlet, village, and proud cities
stand,

They built log houses and cleared up
the land.

WELL sweeps have fallen, no curb
left to tell

Where the cool bucket—once hung in
the well.

No more the garden,—where hollyhocks
proud,

Where gold rayed sunflowers, to
morning sun bowed.

Sweet scented zephyr no longer
blows

Where sun kissed dew-drops, from
lilac and rose,

WEIRD harps mid the pines and
hemlocks now still,—

Mill throbs no longer, at foot of
the hill,—

The dam it is gone, the stream now
runs low,

Solemn the changes since long years
ago.

Log-chamber,—no more, gay voices
mingle,

Nor lulling rain-drops patter the
shingle.

NO longer resounds, from hearth-stone
to rafter

Chorus of voices in song or
laughter,—

No more does Santa Claus quiet and
still

Come down the chimney, the stockings
to fill,

The old kitchen clock no longer
strikes chime,

Nor tick, tick, ticking its seconds of
time.

THE old log school-house, long since
decayed,

Where school-girls, school-boys, frolicked
and played ;—

No longer the loom, the distaff and
reel,

Nor hum and buzz, of the old spinning
wheel,

No more their axes in deep forest
seas—

Their echoing horns on soft summer
breeze.

NO more in thicket do field songsters
throng,

Spring time to greet them, with thrice
welcomed songs.

Crickets still chipper in crevice and
wall,

Katy-dids creak their autumn nights
call,

The robin still sings and the flower
still blooms,

While tall *grass* waves o'er pioneer
tombs.

TIME in its march, slow swept them
away,

Though oft, not a stone marks spot
where they lay,

Yet good they have done will ever
endure,

While mem'ry rewards the brave and
the pure,

Left their achievements, when life's
race was run,

Others to finish, what they had
begun.

STEAM cars of progress but slowly
S did run,

Till work they commenced was finished
and done,

As day follows day, as year follows
year,

Men come on life's stage and then
disappear,—

When riches and honor and fame they
have won,

Are weighed in balance with good they
have done.

WITH blessings we owe the brave
pioneers,—

Their labor, privations, their prayers
and their tears,

Down through the ages, without
recollection,—

Their mem'ries will stand, in living
connection,

No longer for them, earth's hollyhocks
bloom,

Nor lilac and rose dispense their
perfume.

THEY'VE gone to bright fields, where
flower never freezes,—

Where music is softer than birds on
the breezes.

With *us*, life's river continues its
flow,

The same as with those of long,
long ago,

Eternal oceans cease not their
roar,

Dashing, still dashing, as ages
before.

SAME sun, moon and stars, for *us*
shine to-day,

Shone for the *millions*, long since
passed away;

Life's morning star climbs higher and
higher,

Shores of the river grow nigher and
nigher,

Older and older all grow every
year,

The same as grew older, once *young*
pioneer.

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